

# HOMOCORE



# HOMOCORE

Issue #2  
Editor:

December 1988  
Tom Jennings

**HOMOCORE** sine  
World Power Systems  
P.O. Box 77731  
San Francisco CA 94107

**SUBSCRIPTIONS:** Send me a buck and a note saying "send me the next issue when it comes out". No more than one issue at a time please! What I do is, make up an envelope when I get your buck, and when the new issue is complete, mail 'em. You'll probably get it before anyone else, too. It's easy for both of us.

**MAIL ORDER:** **HOMOCORE** is mailed in a plain envelope to accommodate your potentially oppressive environment. The address is below or above somewhere.

**US/Canada:** \$1.00 US per issue, mailed First Class.

**Everywhere else:** \$2.00 per issue, mailed Air Mail.

**MONEY:** Really, cash is preferred, \$1.00 checks are pain, and cost us both money to use. Fuck banks. If you have to write a check, please make it out to Tom Jennings not **HOMOCORE**, otherwise I have to forge my name on it.

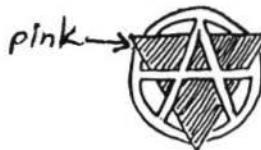
**BACK ISSUES:** I will try to keep all back issues available. For now, they'll remain \$1 each.

**ALSO AVAILABLE FROM:** Blacklist Mailorder, and in SF, Bound Together Books, City Lights Books, in SF and NYC, A Different Light Bookstore. Anyone can be a distributor: I'll sell you ten **HOMOCOREs** for \$7.00. (Includes postage.) Sell 'em yourself, or get a local store or kiosk to carry them.

**Submissions:** Send me anything you'd like to see in **HOMOCORE**; letters, articles, reviews, photos, erotic stories, suggestions, news, complaints, etc.

I will return original artwork *only* if you include an envelope with your address already on it and enough postage to mail it. Otherwise I get to staple it to my wall.

Here's my anarcho-homo logo (my that sounds weird), based on the most common gay symbol in use now: the infamous pink triangle. Gay bookstores and such here in S.F. sell a black 1" button with bright pink triangle; if you can't find one send me \$1.25 and I'll mail you one. (They cost me 90¢ plus stamp etc.)



I like it, but it's not real good for graffiti with spraypaint or magic marker. (Too much detail.) Duke came up with the one below, which has the added benefit that you can take the generic gay pink triangle button, and with a small point permanent marker draw the @ on top of it.



**Cover Photo:** Idiot christian fascists haranguing the '86 S.F. Gay Day parade. They're always good for laughs. (Photo: Alex McDonald)

Issue #1's cover boy was William S. Burroughs, maybe the best american writer this century, and a dangerous subversive homo. One of these days I'll do an issue about him. (Photo: Ruby Ray, RE/SEARCH #4/5)

# Rude Noises from the Editor/Censor



There seems to be more homo-punk stuff going on than ever before, though it might be just that I'm looking for it now, but somehow I don't think that's all of it. I don't know where it all started, but you can blame Toronto for fanning the flames. Whatever, it's growing. Probably there's as many reasons as there are people, but I can think of at least three right now:

One, this country (and others) is becoming far more right-wing, intolerant and reactionary; we're forced to defend ourselves, and that usually involves coming to terms with shit as it is right now, first.

Two, all the drag queens, faggots, street trash and other "undesirables" who have been fighting for human rights for decades (alas, recently being coopted by assimilationists\*) did what they set out to do: make it clear that gay people are out there and part of the world; in big cities anyways, there's resources like bookstores, political and social groups, newspapers, books...

Three, the "punk scene" is getting pretty tired, if it's not already totally brain-dead; like everything else it's become just another fashion, dominated by the usual mainstream culture crap. Not everyone has lost their sense of direction and purpose though, and we are all still here with everyone else who gives a shit. It's time we made that clear!

The intent of this sine is the same as before. This page in Issue #1 was about what **HOMOCORE** is supposed to be, but I'll repeat part of it:

## "What the Fuck is **HOMOCORE**?

You don't have to be a homo to read or have stuff published in **HOMOCORE**. One thing everyone in here has in common is that we're all *social mutants*; we've outgrown or never were part of any of the "socially acceptable" categories. You don't have to be gay; being different at all, like straight guys who aren't macho shitheads, women who don't want to be a punk rock fashion accessory, or any other personal decision that makes you an outcast is enough. Sexuality is an important part of it, but only part."

OK, so I really need your contributions, like letters, records by cool people (non-homophobic etc), really awful stuff (sometimes fun, for the wrong reasons), shit that's happened to you, erotic photos, interesting news clippings, articles, etc. I don't bite (unless you ask me to) and the worst I'll do is not publish it. Fake names are OK if you think someone might give you shit for it later. You'll get a free sine if I use your stuff, too.

\* \* \*

If You're curious: The first batch was 500 copies, xeroxed. About 200 were mailed out, about 80 went to local stores, the rest given to friends or sold one by one. I made another 100 a week before this issue. Each sine cost 45¢ to make, plus 45¢ postage, plus an 8¢ envelope... you figure it out. So far I've lost \$200 or so. I won't be giving away as many of #2, so hopefully I won't lose so much money.

\* "Assimilationists" are those gay people that want to be part of mainstream culture, and in practice this means breaking ties with more radical and socially- unacceptable people who did most, if not all, the pioneering gay rights work. For example, in California there was little fight against Proposition 96, since it affect mainly sex workers and people who get arrested; (*respectable* people don't worry about such things, I guess). Don't get me wrong, they are not our "enemies", don't consider this an opportunity for fag-bashing, they're our allies if not our friends. Yeah, even for you straight boys, most fag bars and cafes are far more open, friendly and accepting than straight ones could ever be.



I'll try to publish all letters I receive other than "here's buck, gimme sine" and such. If you don't want a letter published, please say so. Include name and address as you'd like to see it appear. I'll sanity-check things first, too.

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Dear Homo Core zine,

Saw your ad in Max R&R #65. Sounds crazy!! I love it when things happen like your fanzine. I'm so sick of this hardcore "MACHO REAL MEN TOUGH YOU AINT HARD CORE YOURE A FAG" attitude.

Here's one buck and I hope to get a copy of your zine. Looking forward to reading it.

Cheers, Stephen, Jackson MS

CHOKE is a wanker! UNIFORM CHOICE lifts weights with their cocks! (Just a little humor!)

Yeah, I don't wanna choose any uniform either!

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Dear Tom & or whomever-

Gabba hey ho etc...

Yeah, go ahead & run that letter if ya want, but the one enclosed holds promise (I do believe) of being much tastier. Anyway ya does it, you can even print the PO box #, it's conducive to these kind o' needs...

Enclosed is my election time motif for the year. I'll let ya in on the further good news as it expands in the next 2-3 weeks.

-And-

I'll send \$1 next payday for the next Homocore issue. You're tooling for demideity w/your incredibly right-on & righteous & shit zine...keep it up...

Musik:

(NYC) ROUTE 666 (lp) by the RE-VERB MOTHERFUCKERS, ELEUTH-ROMANIA (single) b/w CHARLIES GOLDEN and TICKET by K.C.'s own MUD-HEAD, are the best vinyl things to happen to me in the immediate past, definitely to check out, and NYC's MISSING FOUNDATION too has an LP called

"1933" (like in Germany = 1988 here) for good solid salvational noise...

Zines are bleak 'roun' here, I've put out a couple but it's been a while and I need ah yass *needs* to motivate & do another but oh those logistics...

At any and all rates, have fun, blow shit up in peoples' minds, etc. etc. If ya ever see Ray, tell him I dreamt him, last week, & Burroughs & a lot of others at the same time (yr zine linked right in... wow 'n' shit...)

I'll be in touch.

"To the gay '90's, may they be comin' down fast again"

Deke Nihilson, Box 32886, Kansas City MO 64111

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Tom -

You *dick*! Where's *my* copy of HO-MOCORE? Shit, and I thought I'd earned it... Anyway - here are some stamps as a potential offering - or... take a look at the enclosed skateboard photo. I took it about two years ago, and it gave me a cool idea - you give me a four issue sub, and I'll take the first issue up to that there statue and run some film on it - send you copies of photos of an elder showing an eager student "the way" or, stuff the idea and take the stamps.

Enclosed are some projects of mine lately. I'll put you on my permanent mailer even though you live in a city filled with cancerous boils like MRR. Hurry! I'm eager to see the mag, dude.

Later Satan, Tad Kepley, Box 442121, Lawrence KS 66044

OK Tad, I guess you've earned the status of honorary homo, after all you did in Toronto. [See Mykel Board's column in MAXIMUMROCKNROLL #64] Speaking of which, Debra S. sent me some photos she took at the @gathering... Now you've

got a photo of Mykel to drool over. The others I'm saving for black mail, dude, so be nice to me. I'll be sure and tell Tim & gang you said "hi".

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Dear Sirs,

28 Oct

I am a prisoner in the Washington State prison system. I just saw your address in "POPPIN ZITS". I'd like to to know more about "HOMOCORE" and if possible check out a copy. I'm not gay but I'm not sexist or into any of those macho headtrips that so dominate our society.

Because I'm a prisoner I only earn \$30.00 a month (I got a raise too!) so I can't afford to make any donations to you at this time. But I occasionally make xerox graphics and similar stuff that I can send you depending on my access to copiers, etc. I've sent some stuff to Mr. Pore at "POPPIN ZITS" that he may use in his next issue.

Some of my friends in here are gay and I'll pass along HOMOCORE so more people can read it. I know this may sound silly but if you send me "HC" can you put it in a discreet wrapper, I get lots of mail so the pigs don't look at it too closely unless something catches their eye.

Thanks for your time and attention,

Paul Wright #930783, PO Box 777, Monroe WA 98272

Because lots of people are in places where they could catch shit for getting HOMOCORE in the mail, (jail, schools, parents, whatever) I mail it in a plain, sealed envelope. It sucks that I have to do this, I basically refuse to be a closet-case (these days it is suicide) but sometimes compromise is necessary... I'll send you a free copy of each issue if you'll send me a note or a card each time, so I know you're getting them.

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Dear homocore,

I've written a book with lesbian punk main characters. Before I get this thing typeset, I'd sure like to show it to a few other lesbian punks. Help keep me from making a fool of myself.

... Just started another rewrite so book is not available as a whole to show. Best now would be to talk or write about problem areas - ex. "multiracial punks" + "skins" - and send off chapters to interested lezzies.

Loved the anti-pope demo pix + Lawrences article + a bunch of other stuff in your mag. 2 dyke mags you could re-review are *Lesbian Connexions* and *Lesbian Contradictions* - not punk but written by readers +/or with outside point of view. I'll send you raps on them when I get a chance. Hooray for the Yeastie Girlz, most inspiring, truly radical group yet!

To you, dear queer, Adrienne Lauby, Box 1191, Tuolumne CA 95379

Sure, I'd love excerpts! I don't know how long - I dunno, a **HOMOCORE** page or two? I'll leave it to you. I want to put an issue out every 6-8 weeks, so just send when ready. Drawings etc no sweat too.

Sorry for the editorial liberties I took with your letter(s). I scrunched two into one and left off some - I wanted to make sure your news/request got out. If I fucked up you can yell at me in writing & I'll print it - verbatim. OK?

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Homocore,

Hi my name is Kevin Dread of Fags w/o AIDS. A recently reformed true Springfield hardcore band or as I like to call it KEVCORE. We originated as a duet with the purpose of being an obnoxious reaction against what we considered sexism. Hence the name being a sarcastic joke against those who use homosexuality as a label of deviance and AIDS the cure.

At the time being only 15 yrs old in a catholic high school our attempt to destroy music was rather ambitious if not misguided. Now I would be satisfied to voice my opinion and have it called artistic. Politically we are confused (i love democracy) and sexually I'm sick of peoples attitudes toward it. Grow up, there's more to be concerned with than something that lasts a couple of minutes (at least from my personal inexperience). Sex is only a small part of our relationships with other people. Relationships that make life worth living.

In the three years that the band was defunct i have had plenty of time to consider my responsibility in this world. The responsibility to everyone whether they hate me for what i am or not is to be a caring person. With so much hate in this world i hate to think what our future holds no matter how negative that may sound. With Fags w/o AIDS i hope to make a small change by starting with myself. (Anyone who gives a damn can reach me at KEVCORE address below).

KEVCORE, 30 Alderman St, Springfield MA 01108

Dear Homocore (Tom)

I enjoyed issue #1 of Homocore and it would be nice to see more zines of this type come out. Whether people want to admit it or not there are many gay punks in the HC/underground scene and they shouldn't be ignored. I don't believe anyone should be condemned because of their sexual preference. How can anyone involved in the scene say they are open minded and yet they don't (or won't) accept homosexuals and lesbians? I am not gay but that didn't stop me from ordering an issue of Homocore. The article by Lawrence Livermore was really good and pretty much sums it up. More straight people should be exposed to Homocore & other zines like it. I look forward to reading issue #2 of your zine. PS. enclosed is a copy of ZUGANG, a zine put out by my sister Lisa (with a little help from me!) for you to look over.

Strive to Survive, Fight to Unite, Steve Bones, Box 8039, Richmond IN 47375-8039

Tom,

I liked your mag - Larry Livermores stuff was great, but don't tell him I said that. Yes, homophobia is rampant in Chicago. Speed metal bands with songs like "Faggots with AIDS" etc. A sure way to get the town talking about your band is to start a rumor that someone in the band is gay. So-called alternative punk rockers seem to turn into gossiping, moral, little old ladies when it comes to sexuality, I seriously think they act so offended by

homosexuality is because of homosexual experiences in their past. I don't know, it's all so fucking silly - gotta bail, good luck w/everything.

Ben Weasel/Roadkill Records, Box 37, Prospect Heights IL 60070-0037

Dear Tom,

13 Oct

Thanks for HOMOCORE! Really enjoyed it. Enclosed is another buck to send one to a friend of mine.

Have you heard from Paul X in Philadelphia? Or George X? Knowing Paul — wildest gay punk on the east coast — he's probably already written to you!

Some things I liked in the zine:

1. The cover: *Naked Lunch* is one of my favorite novels.

2. The MDC/Pope stuff: I remember reading somewhere (probably MRR) about that when it happened. By the way — did that guy Ray in the pix used to live in Long Island NY? If so I used to correspond with him before & shortly after he moved to SF. Small fuckin' world.

3. I *really* like the Lawrence Livermore piece. I can relate and even though it's not like my life there are some parallels. I'm old enough (33) that I can remember the tail-end of hippie-dom when I was in high school — glam & glitter when I was in college — and the clone monsters from hell in the late 1970's when I moved back to Baltimore. I didn't get into punk til about 1980-81, but things move a little slower in these parts... Anyway, I loved L.L.'s piece — he should run it in MRR & educate some of these homophobic punx!

Again thanks for HOMOCORE. I'll pass your address along to some friends who might be interested but meanwhile send one to my friend.

Pow!

Jim, 322 Woodbourne Ave, Baltimore MD 21212

Yeah, that's the same Ray — he's been traveling but now he's back in SF (at the moment) maybe he'll read this... Lawrence said there's another article to follow that one, it'll go in as soon as I get it!

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Hey,

It made me happy to see your ad in MRR, I only just heard of the Homocore Movement and it's already capitalized, with at least two zines (I just got a copy of J.D.s, which you've probably already heard of). Wow. I'm looking forward to seeing Homocore, especially scene reports (bet you don't have one from Champaign-Urbana, frat capitol of the nation). I'll probably want to get all of them (issues) that I can, so if you can send me an early one and/or info on back issues it would be appreciated. (I'm assuming the thing is half way decent—if not, I'll let you know). If you run classifieds or anything similar ("horny dude with mohawk fetish seeks same") let me know how to do it. I'll be waiting impatiently—everyone I fuck around here is straight, one was or another. Thanks for existing.

Dan, Urbana IL

I thought long and hard about classified ads. I really don't wanna have typical gay paper classifieds. How about this: use the letters column. Keep them reasonably short, because I gotta stick to 24 pages total, because of mailing costs.

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TJ —

10/19

Hey! It's Wed. evenin'—that means POT NIGHT and jock wrestling in my dorm! What a perfect time to play Squirrelbait a LITTLE too loud and write a homocore letter—

Little was I expecting to find an issue of HOMOCORE on my desk when I went home last weekend—thanks for sending it! (Thanks for the plain envelope—great idea.) I've gotten a lot of good response to my letter in MRR—I'm glad I worked up the balls to write it—I was afraid I'd come off sounding preachy? I was really worked up when I write it...

I am *really* psyched to be in on the Homocore deal...I can't tell you what a fucking great idea the zine is—gay people and hardcores (just like all gays) get so much shit and are so pushed down

— and (the big one) it's SO FUCKING LONELY! Maybe you (we) can reach them.

Here's something I wrote yesterday & today...hope you like it. I tried to write this big statement on what it meant to be gay & punk. It failed, so...this "Alternative Fantasy" is a less assuming, more emotional format. Again, hope you like it.

I saw your ad in MRR & sent a way to you just a little while after you saw my letter. Oh well, I'll give the other issue to a friend...

I just joined the Lesbian, Bisexual & Gay Alliance a couple of weeks ago. I've been "coming out" at what you might call a moderate pace—ha ha...It took me about 5 years to tell anyone—the first person I told was a good friend who's now going to school at Sonoma State—right near SF, I think. Anyway, that was only in May...Comin' a long way—

Anyway, as I'd half expected, I'm the only punk (well, call me hardcore or maybe postcore) (how 'bout that for an alternative) member of the LBGA. I've met some great people, but nobody I can immediately relate to—similar attitudes and tastes. Alone in a crowd again (any of this sound familiar?) Anyway—HOMOCORE was a big hit when I showed it around to me "new pals"...all my "straight" friends are into it too.

OK, I'm gonna go—drop me a line...er...write me (let's avoid clichés) if you get a chance—there's a stamp in the envelope somewhere—you spend enough on postage already. Tell me when the next issue's comin' out—I'll send a dollar!

Sya soon, Linc Torrey, 04C1 McNamara, UMASS Amherst, MA

Thanks! Fuck yeah, "Alternative Fantasy" is in this issue...

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These aren't meant to be reviews; all I want to do is list zines that are good enough or important enough to check out. There aren't that many gay/homo zines, or at least I don't see them. If you know of other zines you think are important, *please* let me know and I'll try to get one and list it here so everyone else can see it.

**Dr. Smith's #7** (2154 Dundas St. West #401, Toronto Ontario M6R 1X3, CANADA, \$3.50, about 80 pages) My my, Toronto seems to be the hotbed of homopunk activity. Well, at first glance it looks like "just a punk music zine", but it's not that simple. There's local photos, drawings, truly strange and important news clippings (you'll see when you get it), interviews with Redd Kross, Glenheads, hanging out with A.S.F., the local punk yo-yo scene... There isn't one thing that makes this zine good, it's the overall quality. It hung out on our kitchen table for about a week, that's a good sign. The editor is Candy, whos comic strip I keep stealing from JDs zine.

**COMING ON** Fall '88 (Queer Anarchist Network, Box 6705 Stn. "A", Toronto Ontario M5W 1X5, CANADA, about 80-100 unnumbered pages, and I ain't countin' 'em. (big & fat) \$3US) This is the 2nd issue; the first was called **Jerking Off**. The editorial/intro says it was produced from a number of different magazines dealing with radical politics and queer sex. This issue has lots of stuff from other zines, plus a lot of original stuff. Drawings, news clippings, demonstration posters, cartoons, letters, photos... There's lots of anarchist, pagan, vegan, animal rights, female, male, ambiguous, gender fuck, neither, leather, S & M, you name it they do it.

A couple of letters are pretty interesting, for the wrong reasons. Apparently theres a bookstore that refused to carry Jerking Off, for "political" reasons. One was basically justifying the bookstores decision, laying out all the usual "PC" reasoning and tedious arguments (Politically Correct; carefully choosing language as to hide or avoid making difficult decisions), and in lofty leftist language. Sigh.

The letters, and the zine collaborators excellent responses, illuminates much of what I find wrong with lots of left and "gay community" politics, endless arguments about form and style and Right and Wrong. The most critical letter seemed to mainly object to the language and images used (they singled out the stuff taken from JDs), and a sort of vague mistrust of Jerking Off, because they didn't understand it (ie. if they don't understand it there's something wrong with it - apparently it never occurred to them that they don't have any monopoly on what the fuck anything means)

Turns out, I met a lot of these queers when I was at the @gathering this past July; hi everyone!

## CHARLIE



**INCOHERENT #11** (Incoherent Communications, 1800 Market St. Apt.

#141, San Francisco CA 94102, \$1 plus 25¢ stamp, 10 pages) Life as Mitzi sees it. Jobs in real life, telephone life in the business world (I can relate to this! Yuck!), a trip via scooter to Big Sur (ambitious!), music and some local SF shows, interview with two Australian guys involved in punk scene stuff there, plus some tidbits around the edges. Probably the only zine tied together with yarn.

**WARNING** (Shawn Ford, 370 Turk St #227, San Francisco CA 94102, \$2, 50 pages) This isn't fair. **WARNING** is the house zine of the place I live in, the Shred of Dignity Skate Pit, these days referred to simply as the Pit. It's a sort of rough warehouse, illegal but not a squat, we pay outrageous rent (this is San Francisco). We've had this awful typewriter on the kitchen table/counter for about 2 years, with a box of computer fan-fold paper feeding it, and any idiot who happens by can type on it. And they/we do. Shawn culled the crap (well, it's all relative) from the reams of paper, added photos and other junk haning on the wall, and created a psycho-topographic description of Life In The Pit 1987-1988.

I don't know if it will make much sense to anyone not associated with this place, but we all think it's incredibly hilarious and important.

**Shred of Dignity Skaters' Union zine #C** (370 Turk St #227, San Francisco CA 94102, 20 page tabloid, \$1) Gee, the Pit people have been active lately... this is Shred zine #C, it's a year and a half late (!) but what the hell.

This issue is mostly skate-related, with letters and scene reports from all over, some collages and photos, hints on how to effectively run away from home, free food guide for SF, dealing with a dying friend, skate board laws and regs, and more.

Really, I didn't mean to review only zines that came from my household, it's just that **HOMOCORE**, **WARNING** and Shred of Dignity all came out in the same month! (Besides, I really didn't do shit on the Shred zine.)



Notable zines mentioned in **HOMOCORE** #1:

**FactSheet Five** #26 (Mike Gunderloy, 6 Arizona Ave, Rensselaer NY 12144-4502; 68 pages, \$2.00. Each issue reviews 500+ zines of all kinds; get this before you get anything else.

**J.D.s** #3, #4, (Bruce LaBruce, P.O. Box 1110, Adelaide St. Station, Toronto Ontario M5C 2K5 CANADA; \$1, 40 pages. This is the first and seminal (or is that semenal heh heh sorry) **HOMOCORE** zine. **J.D.s** is the **HOMOCORE** scene.

**AQUA** PO Box 1251, Canal St. Station, New York NY 10013; \$1 28 pages. "Anarchist Queers Undermining Authority". Yup.

**BOYSVILLE USA** % Jeffery Kennedy, 121½ N. Central #4, Olympia WA 98506; \$1 8-12 pages. Stuff Jeff likes. Tacky American kultcher.

**RFD** #50 RFD, Rt. 1 Box 127-E, Bakersville NC 28705; \$4.75/issue or \$12/year, 100 pages. Faerie/pagan/rural/anarchs.

**Fag Rag** #44 (By who? Where? \$3.99, 38 pages. Street wise wise-ass sexy unrepentant queers.

**Zines to check out  
(in future issues)**

Film Threat

World War III Illustrated

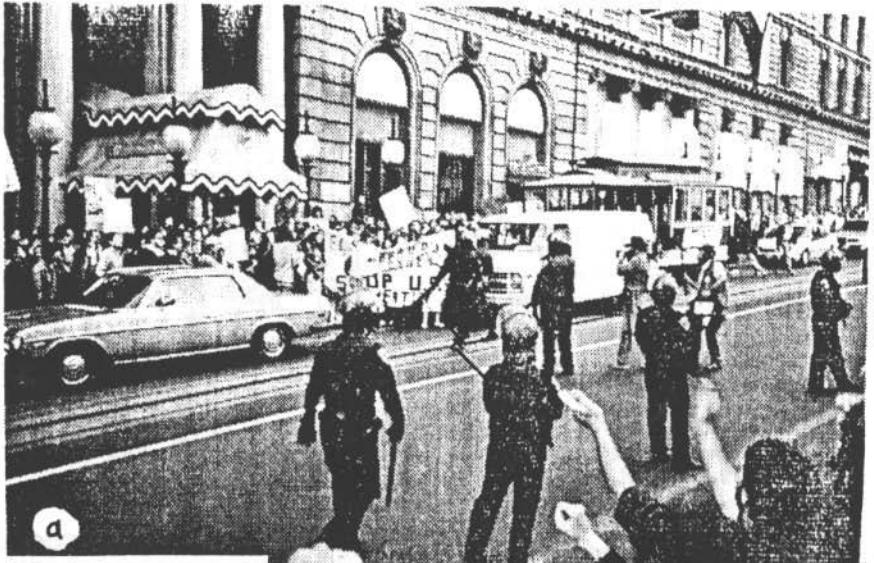
Vague

Poppin' Zits (Sorry Jerod!)

Punchline

Mind Theatre

F + F



a

### GEORGE BUSH IN SAN FRANCISCO

- a Cops assault UFW rep. Huerta outside the hotel; she later required surgery. Police "Investigation" finds cops not guilty, saying "they should try to avoid that" in the future.
- b Here we have Aaron, a tourist woman, Eric, Billy, umm, protesting.
- c Ugly, aren't they? Protecting us, presumably. From what we wonder.
- d Guess who. Easy to spot a mile away. Casual, huh?



b

d



c

# Americana

Kevin Fitzsimmons

come  
sit on my lap  
let me put my hand on your knee  
let me feel your breath  
sit on daddies lap  
let me massage your muscular thigh  
put my hand on your cock while my tongue inserts  
its sluggish shape in your ear,  
licking your neck in noisy kisses then finding its  
way into your mouth, nibble on my red muscle with your baby  
teeth while I unzip the zipper on your green workpants  
and plunge my hand beneath your red checkered waist band  
fruit of the looms - while you sit on the table I grab  
a serrated edge steak knife (with a tacky imitation wood  
handle) and relish the moment of fear in your eye as I  
cut through the combed cotton — then blow you blindly on  
the table ignoring the shocked expressions of red-  
necks and jesus freaks in the restaurant — then after  
you've cum in my mouth and I've spat it into the #3  
breakfast special I roll you over and lubricate your  
tight fifteen year old asshole with bacon grease asking  
you your name while my fingers shoved into your asshole  
then slowly, steadily I ride you ride like a horse  
Ride ride ride -  
Fuck you fuck you - feel the wrath of a thousand gods  
the nail from christ's right hand is now shoved up  
your asshole, fireworks in your small intestine  
I'm cumming in a small piece of Americana.  
The knife is in your throat -  
severed jugular  
drain you of life  
fill you with lust.

I had a friend  
Who was disposable  
He was made in a factory  
And crucified on a LTD  
(He walked around  
Sometimes he drove,  
His smoke filled dreams  
gave him lysergic  
Leech skin'd vision)  
I don't see my friend anymore  
He was cut to Shreds  
by a Social Security card  
Paper clips in his wrist  
Crown of Red tape  
bludgeon'd by talk shows  
Stabbed by a ball point  
til he bled - Tequila flow  
(Smoking cigarettes  
eating deviants  
shitting conservatives  
snorting toxic waste)  
My God, why have you forsaken us.

# Nickel And Diming It Through Junkie Summer

By Lawrence Livermore  
Part 1

I should have seen it coming, but I didn't. Everything seemed to be going my way. Not just my way, but our way, us being the post-hippie androgynes who were so cool we didn't even have to look in the mirror before heading out into the streets to dazzle the masses with our cosmic translucent presence.

Yeah, I guess if you were cynical, or not part of the clique, or, God forbid, somebody's parents, you might have seen us differently, as a bunch of licentious little scammers who were so self-centered that we couldn't give a flying fuck about the kids being blown to bits every day in Vietnam or the Nixonian clampdown that was crushing the soul of America.

But that wouldn't have been exactly true, because we cared very passionately, or at least once had, about such issues. But for one reason or another we'd given up, gotten tired of being gassed and clubbed and thrown in jail, tired of marching to the bullhorn rhythms of some self-appointed leader's slogans. Someone had suggested that the United States should end the Vietnam War by simply announcing that it had won. I guess me and my gang were taking the same approach to the revolution. We'd had enough struggling; now it was time for some victory celebrations.

With the cops preoccupied with serious folks like the Weathermen, people like us had a pretty easy time of it. It wasn't like the 60s, where having long hair and a flower power button could get you beaten or killed. Maybe it was still like that in some parts of the country, but in Berkeley or San Francisco you could grow your hair down to your ass and walk around blissted out of your brain as long as you didn't go out of your way to make trouble for the cop on the beat or the authorities who pulled his strings.

A couple years earlier in some town back east, some of us were lounging around on the lawn of an old mansion when a busload of well-to-do ladies pulled up on a garden club tour. One of the dowagers harrumphed loudly at our presence in this otherwise splendid setting, at which our friend Flam the Magnificent demanded, "What are you gawking at, lady? We're just aristocrats in exile."

I didn't really understand what he meant at the time, though it sounded funny as hell. But it was true that we were living our own version of the aristocratic life, if somewhat skewed by our lack of money, our drug-addled brains, and our complete ignorance of how aristocrats were supposed to live.

Not that there was much to know. I once read that there is very little difference between the upper and the lower classes when it comes to things like moral standards — the general idea being to do whatever you feel like and that you have a reasonable chance of getting away with — and that it is only the middle class that gets itself into a tizzy about ideals like monogamy, temperance, hard work, thrift, and self-sacrifice.

Well, I didn't want anything to do with being middle class, so I tended to indulge whatever whims came along. In December of 1969, in the process of a 10 day-or-so LSD marathon, I'd decided not only to quit my shit job as a janitor, but to permanently retire from working for a living. After all, I was 22 years old, and I figured I'd given enough of my life to the system.

*Continued on Page 16...*

# Music

Every month I wanna mention music and bands that I've listened to. These are not "reviews", they're not meant to tell you what's good or bad. My musical taste is questionable anyways. My goal is to just list things that might be interesting from a homopunk point of view, whatever that means, plus anything else that I run into that's interesting or obnoxious.

And again: You really oughta send \$1.00 to **Blacklist Mailorder** for a catalog before you buy records, tapes, zines or other things. Blacklist is a not-for-profit distribution scheme, to make otherwise hard (or impossible) to find items available; they only mark prices up 20% to cover costs instead of the usual 100% markup for profit, and they handle tiny record producers and actually pay them, on time. Everyone who works there is a volunteer. The music selection is getting pretty broad, and is definitely worth checking out.



**FIFTH COLUMN: To Sir with Hate (LP)** (c/o HIDE, 363 Queen St. East, Toronto Ontario M5A 1T2, CANADA) Buncha uppity women/dyke punks, this is a *great* record!!

They're also friends of Bruce LaBruce (of JDs zine), who help with that zine. Bruce has lines in "The Fairview Mall Story", which is about an older guy who has sex with a younger guy in a mall bathroom and gets persecuted by the media. The music is tight, clean "punk". (Fuck I hate describing music; I'll say this though - I put it on cassette and it's in my box of regularly played tapes.) Fifth Column are one of the bands I saw during Toronto '88 Agathering.

The bad news is I don't know where the fuck you can get this record in the US. Maybe you can get it directly from Fifth Column, write 'em and ask. Call and request it from college radio stations.

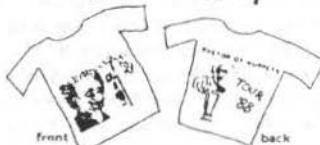
**BAZOOKA JOE: Pastor of Muppets (7" EP)** (c/o Headcleaner Records, Box 8141, Myrtle Beach SC 29578) I saw these guys at Gilman St. Project, the music is good fast hardcore, more than ordinary intelligence, and a number of small things that made me look closer. For example, songs like "We Are Everywhere":

We are everywhere  
On your streets  
In your schools  
In your homes  
We are everywhere  
We're everyone  
you'd like to see

wiped out  
Can't understand  
The way we think  
You persecute  
...

One logo they used was a peace sign over a pink triangle - I just had to ask. Darel said it incorporates lots of things, that sexist, racist, homophobic bigotry are all part of the same thing. Fuck yeah! Hardcore with brains and feeling - you really oughta get this record and give these guys some feedback, there's far too few cool bands like this around.

*stuff you can buy!*



T-shirt (L,XL) - \$6.00  
3 different stickers - \$.75  
15 Flyers - \$2.00  
Pastor of Muppets EP - \$3.00,000

[all prices are postpaid.]

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Other choice songs on the EP are PARENTAL YOKE, FOR A CHANGE (might be the shortest hardcore song ever - 2 seconds!), PATRIARCHY, NOT MY WAR, nine songs total, plus the "Bazooka Joe Hymnal" (required - lyrics hard to make out), plus a sticker, plus a poster, plus only \$3.00! Lousy capitalists, these guys.

### FEEDERZ: Teachers In Space LP

(Flaming Bunker Records, 2000 Center St. SUITE 666, Berkeley CA 94704) This is mainly the work of two people, Jayed Scotti and Frank Discussion, who do more behind-the-scenes support work for others than for themselves. (Jayed and Winston Smith did all the Dead Kennedy's album covers.)

Anyways, this is rude shit, kittens. Musically, "melodic punk rock" (so sue me, I can't describe music); they have actual talent. I like most of the tunes, not something I can say for many records. Frank wrote most of the lyrics, and they are subversive and will make your parents send you for drug treatment to make you normal. It won't work. Mixed into the songs are pieces of soundtracks, jingles and other weird sounds.

Roamin' the streets in the dark  
tonight the whole city's our amusement park  
finding our way by the light  
of cop cars burnin' in the night  
we're sick and tired of waiting  
so tonite we're doin' some redecorating  
tonight your sick game is through  
you see we've grown a little sick of you  
("Takin' the Night")

(Last time they played at Gilman St. Project, they brought a dead dog and a dead cat (checked out from the SPCA - they had to return them - in good shape - the next day) and Frank glued live crickets to his head. It made the Weekly World News. Some overly-sensitive person called the cops for alleged animal abuse (to already deceased animals?) For months afterward, someone would bring up at the monthly Gilman meeting: "I heard the Feederz killed animals on stage, that should be banned..." Now that's success...)

## CAN YOU RECOGNIZE A TERRORIST?

KNOW THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN:



### A.P.P.L.E. A Sensitive Fascist is Hard to Find (4 song 7" EP)

I hate describing music; I'll cheat and quote the insert: "The music is a combination of various styles including folk, psychedelic, punk and rock." No arguments here. They would have fit right into Gilman St. Project (R.I.P.), musically and their attitude. I really like this record a lot, it's homemade enough that you can get a feel that they did this record out of love and fun, and the quality of the recording and printing is also excellent. The music is great all by itself, with lyrics social/political more towards the personal, internal direction than P.C. politics.

(A.P.P.L.E. are Vinny, Mike, Josh, and Jae on vocals; her voice really makes a good band great. NYC friends tell me they're good to see live. One of the best songs is a "cover" of a Pete Seeger tune, "Where have all the Flowers Gone?", yeah, sounds hopelessly hippy, but it's a cool song.

You can write these guys at 25 Van Dam St, Brooklyn, NY 11222, for info, etc. I believe BlackList carries this record, or you can send \$3.00 to Vinyl Communications, Box 8623, Chula Vista CA 92012. (My one complaint: no where can I find a date, anywhere. Nothing exact, just "spring 88" would be fine; stuff like that really helps after a few years goes by and you're trying to piece together histories

and events. Sorry, you might have guessed I'm a documentation fanatic.)

**BOMB: Hits of Acid (LP)** These guys are very strange. Not bad of course, actually really great to listen to or watch. This past spring when there was this stupid Nostradamus "California falls into the sea" thing going around, the band moved to Washington DC. Or it was because of some supposed earthquake. They've broken up so many times it doesn't matter any more. As I write this they are "broken up". Maybe for good. [Nov 88 NOTE: They were back together a week later.]

Music is tight, psycho-psycha-punk rock, fast songs and slow ones. Fair amount of trance techniques, repetition, etc, always something I like. Great drums, speed changes, nasty guitar.

Lyrics are in your face personal crazy emotional shit. Songs about madness, healthfood and heroin, love, death and vampires. Gender fuck is the rule of the day; if you like sex neatly defined and

delimited you're in trouble. Last time they played at Gilman St. their on-stage dancer (always present - he's hot too) took all his clothes off and was in the (of course mostly male) pit, dancing with everyone else, who were going way out of their way not to touch him.

I'm not a boy or a girl. Maybe something in between. And I'm not from that leg at the bottom of the sea. I wasn't born in the belly of a whale of a girl. I'm not a man in a can from the barrel of a gun. I was born in a house with a grass and some tree. When that mad fag scientist dropped his ash son of a gun ... Your heart is big and redder than mine.

("Because Tiffany Feels")

You can write to 'em at: BOMB, Box 1210, San Francisco CA 94101

#### In a future issue...

J.D.s "Homocore Hits"  
Skrewdriver  
Frightwig  
Nip Drivers



What the fuck, over. Government issue skinheads, taken from a U.S. Marines recruiting pamphlet. I guess they can't reproduce, so they gotta recruit. Interesting isn't it that the guy on the left looks like the generic nazi skin, and that fascist skins usually mouth nationalistic/bigoted "patriotic" nonsense about keeping america clean and all that. I suppose like O. North, they're only guilty of wanting to keep america strong and free.

# A SURVEY SOLICITING IDEAS AND OPINIONS FOR A SUCCESSFUL ANARCHIST 1989 FESTIVAL/CONFERENCE IN SAN FRANCISCO



Since 1986 in Chicago, a growing, loose-knit network of mostly U. S. and Canadian anarchists have met together annually in cities of both countries (1987 in Minneapolis, 1988 in Toronto and a variety of regional meetings in between). The purpose of these meetings has been to share ideas (about labor, war...) skills (squatting, publishing...) festivity (poetry, music, theater...) and meet up with like-minded folk, and, despite some differences, the growing interest indicates some measure of success. (Though unconnected by all but a kindred spirit, similar gatherings have taken place through the years in both Europe and South America.) People decided at the Toronto gathering that San Francisco anarchists would sponsor the next meeting in 1989.

We in San Francisco are interested in expanding the international scope of these gatherings, building on the effective aspects of other gatherings, and averting, or at least mediating, the failures in order to make this one fulfilling for all participants. To do this, we are circulating this survey as one tool to maximize input from all those who have an interest in attending **Without Borders — Anarchist Conference & Festival '89**.

Don't feel constrained by the space we've allowed. If you have more to say, fill up blank sheets of paper. Also, if you publish a zine, journal, newspaper or other such media it would be nice if you could include the survey in your next issue so we can give this the widest circulation possible.

This survey is not the only way you can have input on what happens in '89. Another way will be at a meeting in Philadelphia probably on January 7, '89 (contact the organizing group c/o Wooden Shoe Books, 112 South 20th St, Philadelphia PA 19103 USA, tel. (215)-569-2477). They may also be circulating a survey so that you have as many opportunities to make your views known.

---

## 1. Do you think you will be coming? Why or why not?

---

1A. If getting here would be difficult for you, perhaps because you live in Chile, South Korea or some other far-from-here place, let us know of ways we might help you get here.

---

## 2. What have you liked about other anarchist gatherings that you've been to?

---

3. What have you disliked about other gatherings/conferences that you've been to? If you avoid anarchist gatherings like the plague, let us know why and what would change your mind.

---

## 4. What would you like to see happen at this festival/conference?

---

5. Is there a workshop/circle/presentation (call it what you will) that you would like to do or see happen?

---

6. What would you like to see be the theme or focus of this gathering?

---

7. Do you have practical skills that will be helpful in the general preparation and a smooth (co-)operation of this conference/festival? (ie. food preparation, child care, language translations, literature display, medical...)

---

8. If you want to be on our mailing list send us your address:

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Addr: \_\_\_\_\_

City/State/ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_

Country: \_\_\_\_\_

9. Finally, if you know of ways we can get money to help put this conference/festival together or have money you can donate, please do.

---

Mail your completed survey & other groovy shit to:

Without Borders  
c/o Bound Together Bookstore  
1369 Haight St.  
San Francisco CA 94117  
tel. (415)-431-8355

## **TIRED OF THEIR PARTIES? COME TO YOURS!**

As anarchists we base our beliefs on mutual respect and a lack of hierarchies.



*anarchist conference/festival '89*

XEROX AND MAIL IN!

(from **HOMOCORE** zine / Box 77731 / San Francisco CA 94107 / USA)

## Nickel And Diming It Through Junkie Summer, Part 1

(Continued from Page 10)

Things were rough for a while — even a dutiful hippie gets sick of brown rice and soy sauce — but I began to gain some insight into the art of the scam. A year later I was living rent-free in a big house across the street from the UC-Berkeley campus, collecting three sets of food stamps which I then exchanged for money, since I got most of my food free, too, and picking up another hundred bucks a month (about three hundred in 1988 dollars) selling mescaline caps to the sailors on Treasure Island who were waiting to be shipped out to Vietnam.

It was Leisure City. I'd sort of dumped my boyfriend a couple months earlier, the way I used to dump anyone who threatened to get too close, and sometimes I'd feel lonely, but there were casual boyfriends and girlfriends all over the place. Even if I didn't really make it with all that many of them, just the idea that they were there often seemed to be enough. There was this girl I used to hang around with who was a real sex bomb. She'd have the boys sniffing around like dogs in heat the minute she set foot outside her door, but for some reason she didn't really appeal to me that way.

Oh, we had this two or three day fling once — it was the time I drank the gallon of marijuana tea and turned into an intercellular comet — but after that, we mostly used to get dressed up in things like rhinestones and velvet and cruise Telegraph Avenue and Sproul Plaza clocking the boys and girls for each other. She was way more aggressive than I was; some days she'd fuck three different guys and still have time to go out for dinner with me.

Anyway, except for occasional little frustrations, life was pretty good for me. Naturally I had to do something to fuck it up. The trouble started when I embarked on this self-improvement campaign.

Now the way I had it figured, my life had gotten so much better over the past year because I had become a better person (it never occurred to me that it might be the other way around or that the two things might have nothing to do with each other). So I decided that the minor aggravations remaining in my life could be removed if I just became an even better person. I hadn't yet learned that goodness, like everything else, is best practiced in moderation.

So I stopped eating meat and drinking alcohol, and cut back on drugs. I developed a serious interest in spiritual matters, and in a matter of a few weeks became a Jesus freak, a Hare Krishna, a Buddhist, a yogi, and a perfect Zen master before deciding that maybe I should just start my own religion. The whole time I was gradually eliminating more and more things from my diet, and going on regular three and four-day fasts. Eventually I had gotten down to eating only dried fruits and nuts, and it was about that time I announced that I was also giving up sex.

I celebrated this momentous decision by going on a ten-day fast. It was on the sixth day that things started going really badly. I felt so sick that I couldn't even stand up, and I was sweating so much that my bed was like a swamp. My friends, who thought I was completely out of my mind, suggested that maybe I should consider eating something, but I wouldn't hear of it. "Food is poison," I told them, "the less we ingest, the longer and better we live." Well, maybe I didn't really say that, but you get the idea.

It never entered my mind that I might be getting sick because I hadn't eaten. It had to be karma, so I frantically searched my supposedly purified soul for any trace of wrongdoing that I might still be guilty of. Suddenly it dawned on me: it was the drugs. I myself had stopped taking all drugs by now, but I was still selling mescaline to the Navy boys. How could I have been such a hypocrite? No wonder I was lying here in agony.

What could be done? An answer insinuated itself into my fevered consciousness. If drugs were the cause of my illness, I could cure myself by destroying the drugs. I had a stash of maybe five hundred bucks worth of mescaline sulfate. Not a lot of money by today's standards, but it seemed like an awful lot then. At any rate, it represented my total life savings.

Even though my brain was functioning at the cosmic fruitcake level, alarm bells started going off. Wait a minute, this voice was saying, this spiritual stuff is fine within reason, but we're talking about real *money* here. Like what if you dump the dope, and then find out that wasn't the problem after all? Then you'll not only be sick, you'll be sick and broke.

Then the spiritual side would come back with the o ye of little faith riff, saying that this sickness was just a test to see if I really practiced what I preached, or if I was just another sprouthead poseur. And, my conscience nagged, if didn't pass this test I would not only stay sick, but I could forget about becoming enlightened or attaining nirvana or going to heaven or any of that stuff. In fact, I'd be condemned to spending the rest of my life as an ordinary person.

That decided me. I dragged myself out of bed, retrieved the stash, and took it to the bathroom where I emptied the bag into the toilet. There was a whole lot of powder, and it kind of clumped together at the bottom of the bowl. It represented about as much money as I'd ever seen at one time, and now it was gone, unless somehow I could scoop it back up and dry it out again.

Naah, I wasn't going to do that. I flushed the toilet, but there was so much mescaline that it wouldn't go down. I stirred it up with a plunger and flushed again and again, I don't know how many times, before the last of it disappeared. My head was spinning and I could hardly see. I wondered when I was supposed to start getting better. Probably when I woke up in the morning everything would be fine. I staggered back to bed, bouncing off the walls several times along the way.

You'll remember the two voices arguing in my brain? As it turns out, the one that was right was the one that warned me I'd end up sick and broke, and that's how I woke up the next morning. Sick with hepatitis, to be exact, contracted from the girl across the hall just before I'd gone on my celibacy kick. Yeah, I felt a little stupid.

Things started going downhill after that, though I didn't notice for a while. I got over my hepatitis really fast; maybe because my spiritual fruits and nuts scene had made me super healthy, or maybe because I had decided that this self-denial stuff was a load of crap and I was going to do whatever I wanted from now on. It's not as if I suddenly ran wild and partied myself back to health, though; the most radical thing I did the first couple weeks was start eating eggs and tuna fish to get more protein.

But as I got better I loosened up a lot more. I celebrated New Year's Eve by drinking a bunch of beer and smoking some killer pot just in from Vietnam, and wound up dancing around with the Hare Krishnas in the middle of Broadway in San Francisco. It was a happy, very sloshed crowd, taking up the whole street and lit up like Las Vegas by the neon lights of all the strip joints. Hippies and businessmen and drag queens stumbled around in the warm night, and my head was spinning faster than the Hare Krishna circle. I looked up into the soft gray sky thinking with a big smile on my face what a great year this was going to be.

It seemed like from then on I was always restless. Sure, anybody that age has got some built-in restlessness, but this was the kind where no matter where you are or what you're doing, you wish you were somewhere else. You can't even make love without wishing it was someone else. I'd look out across the bay at the skyline of San Francisco and, quick, my mind would see the Staten Island Ferry or some train tracks in Kansas. I didn't have to think about it to know that I'd be on the road soon.

My chance came when my brother and some friends, who'd come out to California to join the hippies but ended up on 27th Street in West Oakland where they were the only hippies for miles around, decided to pack up their Econoline van and head back to Michigan. I hated Michigan, and it hadn't been all that long since I'd so gladly escaped from it, but what the hell: it was Someplace Else.

There was another thing about Michigan, too; my boyfriend Dennis was there. I guess he was still my boyfriend, even though he'd left California on bad terms, mostly of my making. But we hadn't really broken up, it was like, "See you later," which was of course how all cool people handled things in those free love days.

I didn't really want a boyfriend or girlfriend, well, at least not most of the time. They really tended to tie you down. I guess I wanted one of those mythical lovers who never looked at anyone else and just stayed home faithfully waiting for you no matter how long you stayed away. But how could I admit to such crass sentiments? So instead, like all the hippies, I just said I wanted to be Free.

I saw Dennie for a few days at his parents' house in Saginaw, Michigan, which is famous for being in a Simon and Garfunkel song, being the home of Question Mark and the Mysterians, and not much else. His mother cried when I showed up, and looked like she'd been rescued from drowning the day I left. Dennie wanted to know if he could come back to California and be with me, and I said sure, any time.

Then I hitchhiked to Kent, Ohio, which was another place I used to live. We went to see where the college students had gotten killed the year before. It was the same big grassy field where we used to hang out. There were long-haired kids sitting around smoking joints and some people flying red and blue and yellow kites.

I went to a bar. It was called J.B.'s, and I think it was some sort of notorious place, or maybe that was later. There was a band playing and there was a cover charge, so I snuck in the back door. I was like halfway across the room when this girl in a black velvet dress and a pink fake furpiece comes screaming across the room at me. Shit, I'm busted, I thought.

But she just grabs me and starts babbling something about Alice, and at first I thought that must be her name, but after a while I get it figured out that she had thought I was Alice Cooper. She quickly realized that I wasn't, but I guess there was a close enough resemblance to suit her. It seems that Cooper, who was then an up-and-coming local rock star, had been in town a few weeks earlier and she'd had an overnight affair with him and taken it more seriously than he had. I mean she was ready to spend the rest of her life with him, and since his band wasn't due back in town till next January, I'd have to do.

She — Laura was her name — was a good-looking girl, possibly the best-looking girl who'd ever paid so much attention to me. She wasn't super-bright, and she had some irritating vocal quirks, like saying "go" instead of "come" (in the sexual sense, I'm talking about). But I thought she was pretty hot stuff. We hung out for a couple of days, and when she asked if she could come live with me in California, I said of course.

I had to split right after that, so we worked out this plan where she could ride out west with my brother in a couple of months once he saved up enough money and got the Econoline rolling again. I don't remember how I got back to California. Maybe I hitchhiked.

Things were back to normal, except I didn't have any money so I occasionally I had to stoop to doing some work. Mostly I'd write term papers for rich college students, and I was a cook for a while. Then Dennie announced that he was coming back to California to be with me, and I was actually pretty glad. The first couple of weeks were fun, even the sneaking around that we had to do because we didn't want other people in the house to know about us. Before I could start to get bored, which if I really liked a person didn't usually happen for a month or so, I got a call from my brother.

"Hey, we're in Big Sur, camping," he told me. "That girlfriend of yours came with us. She wants us to drive her up to Berkeley. And the rest of us need a place to stay, too." Dennie must have seen my face go a little weird, because he was staring at me. "Well, uh, why don't you guys spend a few more days camping?" I suggested.

The next few days were like one of those ridiculous sitcoms, like the one where Lucy somehow gets a horse upstairs in her bedroom and then tries to keep Ricky from finding out. Every day the gang would call from Big Sur, "Hey, can we come up to Berkeley yet?" and I'd say something like I still had to get it worked out with my roommates (which was more than a little true; when you're living somewhere for free it's not good form to invite six friends to move in with you).

Then Mother Nature stepped in with a late season rainstorm that turned Big Sur into a mudhole and resulted in my brother and company showing up on my doorstep. Even though our house was pretty big (four floors, about twenty-five people), I wasn't sure I could just slip six new people in unnoticed, so I figured I'd better do it gradually. I told them to park their van in the backyard and just sort of hang around until people started taking them for granted.

Which was fine for the others, but Laura was a different case. She was expecting to move right into my bed. Unfortunately there was someone else occupying it. By now Dennis was wise to what was going on, though I was still in the deny everything mode that I reverted to when there was trouble. There was more sitcom stuff, like being on one side of the wall hugging and kissing with one lover, and then walking around the corner to do the same thing with the other, all the time reassuring both of them that this situation was all a misunderstanding, a temporary inconvenience that would soon be resolved.

And sure enough it was, though in a more farfetched way than I would have expected. Dennis's mother called up and told him that his father, who was a pretty heavy drinker, had been hanging out at the bar when some local ruffians thought it would be a good joke to put some LSD in his beer. He had been totally flipped out ever since, so Dennis had to go back to run the family business.

So now it was Laura, and we had our two-week honeymoon. It was a sort of confusing time, because she looked kind of like a boy and Dennis looked kind of like a girl and we all wore a lot of makeup and I was eating peyote or something stronger every morning for breakfast. Two weeks, maybe two and a half, was all I could take, and I was out of there. Hitchhiked across the USA in three days flat, hung out in the midwest for almost a month watching spring roll across the landscape, and went crazy from being so horny and so alone.

When I got back to Berkeley in June, Laura had gone to work in a massage parlor. My brother and his friends were living in this little crawl space underneath the rafters and they all had head lice, which they immediately shared with me. Telegraph Avenue, which served as our office, front yard, and living room, had been completely torn up for repaving, and all day long the tractors and graders and steam shovels produced an unbearable racket. The paranoids among us claimed that it was a government plot to keep us from hanging out on our turf. It was cultural warfare, they said, just like the dirt-cheap Asian heroin that all of a sudden was everywhere. Almost every doorway on Telegraph had one or more people in it nodding out, some permanently. Junkie summer had begun.

*To be continued...*



Figure 13-7.—Applying pressure to the groin.

# Alternative Fantasy #1

Linc Torrey

## I. Stereotypes aside,

*What's the difference between a man and a woman?*

*Well, he's...*

*Soft, but hard in all the right places?*

*Is it the way he smells?*

## II. I sort of grew into being alternative... It's always seemed natural to me to see and feel the color in real life, and in looking beyond the screen of apathy, blind acceptance, greed, etc. That is everyday "normal" life. It really capped it off when I realized I was gay: "I'll never be normal now → Damn!"

*The problem of meeting someone who I could conceivably have a relationship with was, out of necessity, put on hold. There was no way I was getting into the anonymous bathroom sex scene, (as if I even had access to it!) no way I was going to hit on "straight" guys until I found one that wasn't. Being unaccepted all my life mail me a fairly strong person, if nothing else. I'd wait...*

*This attitude took me pretty far, until 19 years of being alone started to take a toll. I had plenty of great friends, people who understood me and helped me out as far as they could. I was helpless to change my situation in a way I could live with → I had to wait and hope someone would happen along...*

*So, while most of my friends were on their 4th or 5th relationship, I was still gamely trying to invent new ways to jack off. I started to grey out, falling into self-pity and despair, facing the gap between dreams and reality...*

*Why am I using the past tense?*

## III. (About 9 a.m.)

*I feel his hand leave my waist; he rolls over softly, slips out of bed. I wake up.*

*He goes to the bathroom, then comes back in; I smile under the covers → he's trying not to wake me.*

*He carefully sits on the edge of the bed and looks out the window into the sun. The light falls onto his hair and his shoulders, casts a shadow along his spine. His hair catches and holds the sun the way short hair does. My eyes rest on the place where his back becomes his backside: strange enough, this is my favorite part of his body: it's good to rest your hand on.*

*God, I smell. After the show last night, and then making love with him, I've really worked up an odor. Come to think of it, he smells too. I couldn't care less. No matter how he smells, I think it smells great. This is not to say a shower is out of order...*

*He stretches, arms raised above his head; skin moving over bones and muscles.*

*Then, after a while, he turns back, cautiously (but not overly so) lays his hand back where it was, replaces his length alongside me... we sleep for a couple more hours...*

## IV. It wasn't the way he looked so much as the way he held himself...

*Not uptight, but not slouching...*

*→ Dynamic, never quite still*

*Masculine, not macho*

*or a product of mass culture*

*→ natural*

## V. I'm not into fucking.

*Some people borrow their identities from things they've bought. In my mind, he lends meaning to the things around him.*

*Example? A shirt is a shirt*

*unless it's his shirt*

*Fucking to me is what people who are owned by things do. "Oooh I love your shirt I love your car baby let's FUCK"*

*Making love is another matter.*

*→ It's looking beyond*

# HUMOPUNK

Ray Reich

One of the issue I constantly find myself arguing over with non-punk homos is "unity". A lot of people in the gay community are still expousing the idea of creating a movement solely based on sexuality. While I see the necessity in fighting common enemies like Larouche, Bush and Dannemyer, I have a hard time ignoring class, religious and goal-oriented differences for the sake of "unity".

When I say "DIE YUPPIE SCUM" I mean all yuppies, gay, straight, black, white, asian, male, female, etc. These are the people whose devotion to monetary gain and assimilation has lead to thousands of us being hard pressed to find flats to rent (no credit, gentrified rates) food to eat (lack of money), and venues for our art ("incites riots", disturbs the neighbors). Homopunk, rastas, whores, junkies and counter-culturals are all feeling the brunt of assimilation. As gays become more a part of the american culture and political system they realize that their gains have strings attached. They must distance themselves from those of us who do not accept this systems carrots, from those of us who prefer squatting to renting, shoplifting to buying and direct action to lobbying.

Another manifestation of assimilation is gay cops. Will these "Uncle Toms" enforce laws against sodomy? Will they force us to undergo mandatory HTLV III/HIV testing and possible quarantining? Of course, that's their job. I'm supposed to feel unity with these people???

I'm a spiritual person, I celebrate the seasons, ritualize my art and sexuality, and practice witchcraft. Knowing that nine million of my historical ancestors were burned by the Inquisition and that the Church to this day represents such narrow-minded, hateful doctrines makes me a little uneasy about being a part of a movement that relies on christianized concepts of morals, guilt and equality. I'm equally cynical when it comes to New Age beliefs being used as a whitewash for capitalism (or communism, for that matter). I have nightmares about gay, new age naxis escorting us to the death camps. I think we can develop other spiritual paths and not use the ones forged by our persecutors.

Another issue for me is cultural. I prefer Eve Libertine to Holly Near. I enjoy music that educates me, makes me think and jolts me to action. It doesn't have to necessarily be fast and hard but it does have to be more than a variation on straight music. For me, Assimilation = Annihilation. American culture is sex negative, repressive and plastic; it propagates a society founded on the principles of greed, moralism and ignorance.. I want to be part of a culture that is rooted in and responsive to polysexuality, politics, earth harmony and similar life-affirming concepts.

Though I see the need for a unified and mass response to AIDS, homophobia and the governments policy of "Let 'em die" I question the overall effectiveness of "Unity for unity's sake". During the Bush regime I want to work to create a counter-culture/politic that goes beyond the scope of its predecessors and incorporates the multitude of issues and desires that define our whole selves. For me punk and paganism are still more enjoyable paths than the "gay movement".

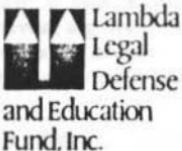
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A chilly, windy, blustery autumn day in 1988

Nomenus  
Short Mountain  
All Others to Whom This Call Reaches

Dear Feys:

No, this is not a request for money from an assimilationist organization. Rather, it is a plea from a sister/brother who also works as a faerie spy within the assimilationist dynasty. I write today with a scheme to help undermine that dynasty and create a more faerie-identified gay community. (I can't help it, honey, I'm still an activist.) I have been chosen (bless the goddess) to talk with faeries around north america about a fabulous idea that has been brewing around to call a "Faerie Action Gathering" (F.A.G.) that would take place in New York, in or near the city, just prior to and/or during the gay pride celebration in late June.

The excuse for this national love-in and act-out is that we celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the Stonewall Rebellion this June. We are talking about creating a visible presence with drag queens, bull dykes, sadomasochists, and the rest of our beautiful people who have been pushed out of our movement by those poor, misguided, assimilationist types. We are talking about bringing our faerie magic back with us to New York City and our community so that all can share in our strong, healing, loving, colorful magic.

We also want to explore what it means for faeries to engage in direct action. Many faeries participate in ACT UP, and we want to find faerie alternatives to the ACT UP model. I spoke to Harry Hay about this, and in his wisdom responded something like, "Old-style direct action is confrontational. Faerie direct action would come from askance." At the FDA action, one proto-faerie climbed onto the awning of the front entrance wearing a miniskirt, a tee shirt emblazoned with "Fuck Me Safe", and paraded and pranced and danced above the cops. I loved him and thought of Harry and the faeries. What is an askance action, and how can we use it as a new tool for faerie magic, or can we?

Since 1972 Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund, Inc. has pursued litigation to combat discrimination against gay men and lesbians in law and education programs to raise public awareness of gay rights. Lambda is non-profit; we expect, however, to practice law by New York State and beyond in equal cases across the nation.

F.A.G.  
October 21, 1988  
Page Two

The genesis (is it politically correct for a faerie to use this word?) of this idea apparently comes from the queer anarchists who met at the anarchist gathering last summer in Toronto. Many of those queer anarchists are also faeries. (We are truly everywhere!) Some of those faeries attended the Blue Heron gathering in upstate New York in September, where the issues of direct action were being raised independently. At Blue Heron, we held a circle to explore faerie direct action, and the F.A.G. idea was born.

At a circle of New York City faeries, it was decided that we had the energy to hostess such a gathering if there was interest in it. I feel that another benefit of this gathering would be to bring a strong and visible faerie presence to New York, which, if I do say so myself, is desperate for it. Let's take New York City and turn it into a faerie sanctuary. I live and work here, and that's what I need, and faeries ask for what they need, so here I am asking, so what's the story?

Please do write or call me at home at (212) 477-1427, 337 East 8th Street, New York, New York, 10009.

I Love You,

A handwritten signature in cursive ink that reads "Mickey".

Mickey Wheatley

Candy's comic,  
continued from  
**HOMOCORE #1**

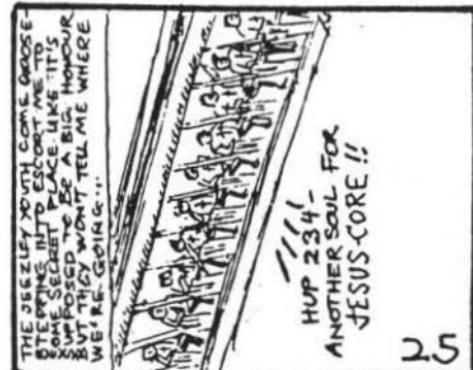
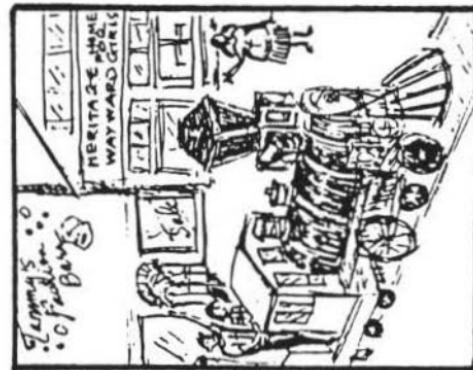
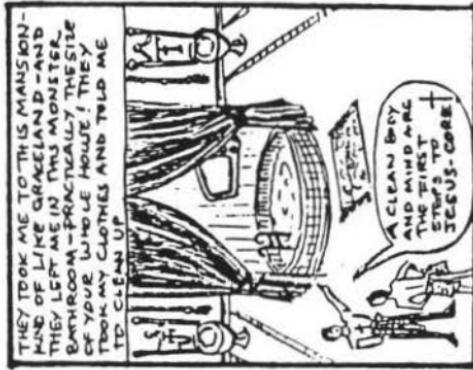
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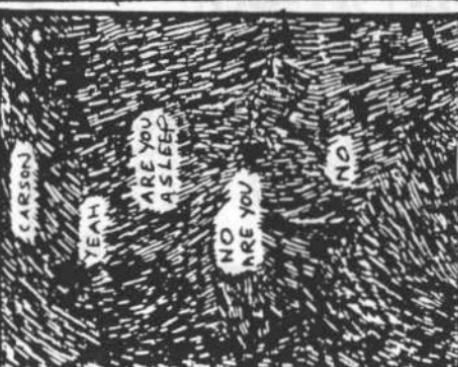
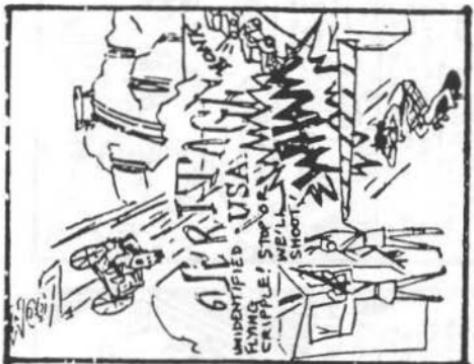
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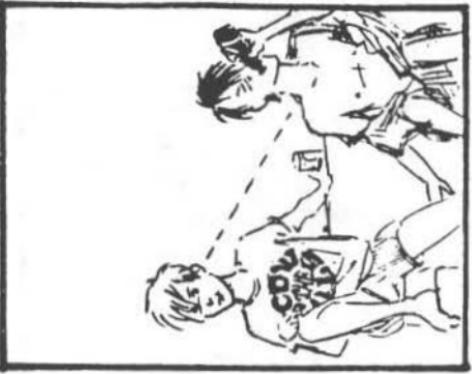
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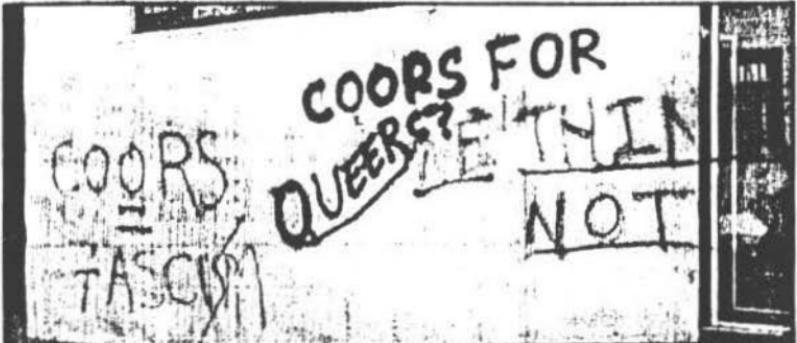












## In the Dead of Night . . .

photo taken from  
B.A.R. of Nov.  
of 85

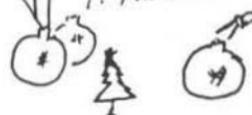
A group calling itself the Never Again Silent Army spray-painted their opinions on the side of B.A.R.'s offices last Wednesday night. They were protesting ads for Coors Beer that have been published in the paper over the last month. Police collected evidence left behind by the group and are investigating. B.A.R. publisher Bob Ross said he had no plans to drop the Coors advertising.

(Photo: Steve Savage)

The B.A.R. (Bay Area Reporter) is a stodgy gay newspaper that's been running Coors "Silver Bullet" ads. Though the boycott is supposedly over, and Coors claims to have changed its ways, (only time will tell...) lots of people still find them offensive, especially in a gay newspaper. ("We're investigating it" is police-talk for "you gotta be kidding me".)

### MERRY XMAS!

1. Roll paper into a funnel.
2. Fill xmas balls with paint. (Get balls at Goodwill!)
3. Seal with tape or clay!
4. Throw at billboards.



Mykel Board after his alleged "rape", '88 Toronto gathering (see MRR #64). Judge for yourself. In case you can't read it, it says "THESE ARE THE TITS TOO".

... of Livermore managers to investigate the disappearance of chemist Ronald K. Stump. Hodges said there were suspicions that Stump had been embezzling from Lawrence Livermore, and he also was investigated in connection with drug use at the lab.

"Both labs deal in extremely sensitive classified information well as nuclear."

OK, Lawrence,  
let's see you  
explain your  
way out of this  
one.

LAST MINUTE  
WEIRD SHIT  
PAGE

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